

THE BASKET.

Year III.—No. 11.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890.

Whole No. 76.

DIMPLING and DUMPLING.

There was only one chair vacant in a certain barber shop the other day, when a tall young man, accompanied by a lady and a lovely little girl of five years, entered, and calling the head barber to one side, gave him a few explicit directions. Then the child's hat was removed, and the barber, enveloped her in one of his big white aprons. The young man lifted her up in the barber's chair with a whispered word of re-assurance, and the lady, after kissing her, passed her hands caressingly over all the beautiful golden brown curls. Then she sat down in a corner, where the child could not see her face, and pulled out her pocket handkerchief.

By this time the occupants of the five other chairs had become greatly interested. All eyes were fixed on the sweet baby face with its curly halo. It was a pale little face, and there were no rose buds on its cheeks, but above them were two beautiful grey eyes, that shone like a pair of stars. On each side of the little face rested a large curl. As the barber advanced with his big shears, she placed a hand on each curl, and gazed beseechingly into his face, saying—

"Now, Mr. Barber, I want you to leave Dimple and Dumpling until the very last. Cut all the rest of them off first, please. I shall miss them dreadfully, you know, as Me and Dimple and Dumpling have always been such friends. Dimple is going out to my papa in a letter. My papa is way out in Ceylon, you know. You haven't got a papa 'way out in Ceylon, have you, Mr. Barber?"

"No, miss, I ain't got no papa, at all."

FAMILY SECRETS COME OUT.

"And haven't you got no mamma, Mr. Barber? My mamma is going to put Dumpling into her 'Don't You Remember' box. Did you ever see a 'Don't You Remember' box, Mr. Barber?"

"No, miss, I never did."

"Mamma has got such a funny lot of things in it. There's a little bit of orange blossom, and a little pinafore that Alec used to wear; that's Alec over there at the window. And there's a little red shoe that was little bruffer's; his name was Robin, and he died before any of us was borned, you know."

At this moment the mother stepped forward and whispered to the little girl. There was an old gentleman with a red face in one of the chairs, who shook like a veritable jelly at the child's prattle, and big brother Alec was blushing furiously, and the whole barber shop was greatly amused.

There was silence for a moment or two, while the scissors went snip, snip, snip. Then the little prattler broke forth again:

"Mamma says I am talking too much, Mr. Barber; but if I don't talk I shall begin to cry. I cried awfully yesterday, you know; so did mamma and nurse. That was when the doctor come and said they'd have to be cut off. We all cried—'cept Cecil. He's eight. He never cries—'cept when mamma spans him. Then he howls. At last I stopped crying, for Alec said he'd take me to lunch with him; nurse said she'd let me sit up till half past 7 for a whole week; mamma's going to get me a silver thimble, and cook is going to have waffles for tea when we get home. Do you like waffles, Mr. Barber?"

The barber replied in the affirmative, and there was silence for a little while.

"Have you got a sweetheart, Mr. Barber? A little titter ran around the room, the barber turned red as his pole outside, but he replied in the negative.

"Alec's got one," pursued the child. "He goes to tea with her on Sunday. Cecil says he's awfully sweet on her. Cecil knows, too; he was under the sofa when—"

But Alec waited to hear no more. He bolted bodily and waited on the corner until the ordeal was over. The lady arose and whispered some further cautions, but they proved of no avail.

"Now, Miss, just please sit steady a minute."

The scissors gave a snip and poor Dumpling fell down in her lap. Dimple followed an instant later, and the child gazed ruefully at the two beautiful severed curls.

"Good bye Dumpling and Dimple," she said, and the tears began to gather.

A Ticket to the Base Ball Game.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Barber," said the little one. "When me and Cecil get whiskers, we'll come to you to get them cut off. Do you play base ball, Mr. Barber? Cos if you do, I'm going to give you a present. Would you like a ticket for our base ball match, Mr. Barber?" And she pulled out a little bit of paste-board from her pocket and handed it to him:

~~~~~  
s GRAND BASS BALL MATCH. s  
s  
s DICK TURPINS vs. s  
s TUSCARORAS. s  
s Admission, 4 pins. s  
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"Cecil is captain of the Dick Turpins, and he said, now that I was going to have my hair cut off, I'd be as good as a boy. So he's going to lend me a pair of his trousers, and I'm going to be second base."

At the doorway the red-faced old gentleman accosted them. He had his hat on by this time, but he took it off immediately and made a courteous bow. "Madam," he exclaimed, "there are two things I want particularly, and you can grant me both of them. I want a kiss from that little daughter of yours, and a ticket for that base ball match. I can't pay the price of admission, for I haven't three pins to my name; but perhaps this," and as he spoke he slipped something bright and shiny into Lena's hand. "to be devoted to soda water after the Tuscaroras have been completely done up, might answer the purpose just as well."

The lady smiled and allowed Lena to give him the desired kiss, but she handed him back the money, and could not be prevailed upon to accept it. Then, with a parting nod to the barber, the two joined Alec on the corner. When last seen, Lena was lifted up to the letter box to despatch Dimple on the first stage of its long journey, and the red faced gentleman, as he lost sight of her in the crowd on Broadway, vowed fervently that he would see that game of base ball if it cost him a leg. —CHICAGO HERALD.

Historical Sketch of Haddonfield, by Judge John C. Knight, for sale at the office of the Basket, very interesting. Price 10 cts.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., SEPTEMBER 26, 1890.

Borough Commissioners meet in the Town Hall on the 2nd Wednesday evening in each month. They are J. Morris Roberts, Chas. H. Hillman, Sam'l C. A. Clement, Sam'l C. Paris, W. J. Boning, Com. of Appeal—John H. Lippincott, Geo. D. Stuart, Abel Hillman, Wm. J. Boning, Pres.; Chas. H. Hillman, Treas. Public invited to come.

The Board of Managers of the Free Reading Room Association meets every 3d Monday in each month. J. L. PENNYPACKER, Sec.

The Womens' Christian Temperance Union of this town meets every Tuesday afternoon in Wilkins' Hall, at 4 o'clock.

Editor—We have a more lengthy article than usual on the first page, but we don't think it needs any apology, as we believe there are but few if any of our readers who will not be highly pleased and amused with it. We have read it three or four times with much enjoyment, and think it worth a whole year's subscription to "The Basket."

MARRIED.—Thursday, Sep. 18, was a sort of **Gala Day for us.** Having business in the city, also cards to marriage ceremony, we went our way thither. After attending to the business, and calling on some friends, on a little before 8 o'clock in the evening, we then took a seat in Fifth Street Methodist Church to witness the marriage ceremony of Rev. JOHN D. FOX, (pastor of the church,) and Miss EMMA B. COPE, of Tremont, Pa. Near the appointed time, the groom and bride entered the church, preceded by three couples of young men with rosettes on their coat collars, and she leaning on the arm of her "beloved," and carrying a large bouquet in her hand. They went immediately to the rail, where the ceremony was performed by Rev. S. W. Thomas. It was brief, including two short prayers. Then the parson pronounced them man and wife, and they at once passed out the opposite aisle from the one at which they had entered, followed by the ushers. Musical overtures on the organ; and a portion of the platform in front of the pulpit was decorated with ferns, etc. There was a large congregation present—much larger, we understood, than usually assembles there for religious services.

Parade.—On leaving the church, we returned to the residence of friends on Broad street, where was a parade of bicyclers, and it was the prettiest sight we ever saw as a parade. There were thousands of Chinese lanterns, torches, red lights, etc. From a second story window, as far as we could see up and down the street, there was a mass of these lanterns, besides their profuseness carried on the instruments, many of which had their wheels decorated with colored paper, as they went up and down the street. It was said there were about 900 of them, some of which were pushed by girls! The crowd was too great for much riding, and so they mostly walked, and pushed their wheels. There was but little music or noise, except a brigade of boys on the pavement with tin horns. Great crowds on the side-walks

The Annual meeting of the Haddonfield Electric Light and Power Co. was held last Saturday afternoon at the office of the company in the Electric Light building. The old officers were elected, viz: President, C. H. Mann; Vice President, A. R. Underdown; Treasurer, F. W. Sutton; Secretary, Walter S. Hunt. Other officers, H. N. McKinney, B. H. Shivers, M. D., E. H. Nye. We understand that the plant is more than paying expenses, and in a flourishing condition.

We have received the new Catalogue of the Haddon Athenaeum and Free Reading Room, of Haddonfield. By it we notice that it now contains nearly 900 vols. on various subjects, and has on its tables many of the magazines and periodicals of the day. \$2 the first year, and \$1 annually thereafter secures membership. Life-membership, \$10. Open every evening, except Sunday, from 7 1/2 to 9 o'clock, and on Saturday afternoons from 3 to 5 o'clock. Citizens of Haddonfield cordially invited to visit the room, corner Main and Ellis st. Membership and subscriptions respectfully solicited.

The Temperance Gazette, Camden, says, "Among the new laws passed last winter is one relating to boys smoking, which will be rigidly enforced. It provides that on and after September 1st, no youth actually or apparently under 16 years of age shall smoke cigars, cigarettes, or tobacco in any form whatever, in any public street, place, or resort; and that any violation of the act shall be a misdemeanor, punishable by fine of not more than \$10, nor less than \$2, for each offence.

Rev. Mr. Wright announces for his subject on next Sunday evening, "Woman"—woman at home, woman as a politician, woman in her relations to the church, the latter with reference to the great question now engaging the attention of the Methodist church—that is, the admission of women to the great quadrennial legislature of the church—the General Conference. There are a few cranky women, seemingly very anxious to push themselves among men, and to assume the work and manners of men, and, with their women-struck male friends, argue to change the meaning of certain words in the Bible by charging that they are wrongly translated, that *laymen* means women, and that Paul was "wrong" in his teaching. If that be so, then don't it follow that the Lord Jesus Christ made a mistake when he announced to Ananias that Paul was a "chosen vessel," to preach His gospel, being filled with the Holy Ghost? If these people teach that Paul was wrong, then they may assert in time that the teaching of all the apostles was wrong. If these uneasy women teach such doctrines "in the green tree," or before being admitted, (if they are admitted), to the chief councils and pulpits of the church, "what may the harvest be?"

We have not the least inkling of Mr. Wright's ideas on this subject, but he's an emphatic man.

There was a pleasant Entertainment at the Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening of last week, music, etc., commemorative of the introduction and lighting up the church with electric lights.

About \$210 was the amount realized by the late Butterfly Jubilee, in favor of the Building Fund of Grace Episcopal Church.

At the Methodist church, on last Sunday, where \$45 was assigned as its allotment towards the support of the old and worn-out preachers, in a very short time, \$61 was subscribed.

There was the usual Autumnal gathering in the Baptist church on last Sunday—a Thanksgiving to the Almighty Father for his many and rich blessings. There was a display of grain, fruits and flowers.

Chas. Gildermeyer, Chas. Hillman, Sam'l Smith and John E. Peyton, of Haddonfield, will be jurors at the October term of Court.

Geo. D. Stuart, who had a leg broken, is able to be about again.

Charles Carr is said to be on the sick list.

We learn that Mrs. Caldwell Baker has been quite ill for the last two or three weeks.

Mrs. Wm. Knox, in attempting to leave the car on Sunday last before it stopped, fell on the platform, and striking her head on the boards, was seriously hurt.

Charles McNinny, a Haddonfield boy, but now a resident of Bordentown, was here on last Sunday, on a visit to his mother, and other friends.

We saw some apple blossoms a few days ago from a tree said now to be in full bloom on the farm of John Stoy, at Westmont.

A Convention of Democratic Societies of Pennsylvania met at Reading, Pa., Sept. 16. Ex-Gov'r Pattison and others made speeches. 12,000 supposed to be present.

Another "lineman" lost his life a few days ago in New York, by touching an electric wire, a portion of which was supposed to be uncovered, and he had neglected to wear his India rubber gloves.

The cornerstone of a new Methodist church was laid at Hammonton, on the 15th inst., to have a seating capacity of 500 to 600; to be of Gothic architecture, and to cost about \$6000. Rev. Mr. Cline, late of Haddonfield, is the preacher in charge there. Success to them.

A bid has been made by the Penn Dredging Co. to remove the islands in the Delaware river, between Philadelphia and Camden, for \$1,000,000. We'll venture to say it will cost a far greater sum in the end. A big job.